

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS, &c.

AND

BENEATH THE HONORS, &c.

*ADAPTED FROM DR. WATTS, AND SET TO MUSIC,*

BY SAMUEL HOLYOKE, A. M.

*PERFORMED AT NEWBURYPORT, 2d JANUARY, 1800;*

THE DAY

On which the Citizens unitedly expressed their unbounded veneration for the

MEMORY OF OUR

BELOVED WASHINGTON.



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## Hark ! From the Tombs, &amp;c.

A I R.

*Andante.*

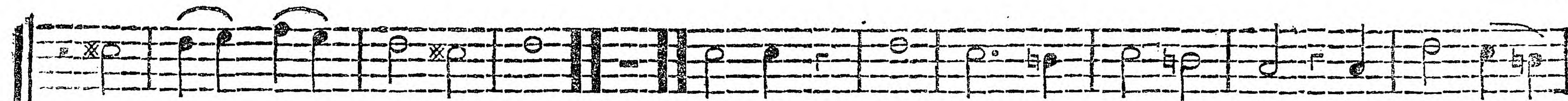
The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of half and quarter notes, with some notes marked with an 'x' and a 'p' (piano). The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains a similar melody, with some notes marked with an 'x' and a 'p'. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of half and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Hark ! hark ! hark from the tombs, a mournful found, a mournful found, My ears at -' are written below the staves.

Hark ! hark ! hark from the tombs, a mournful found, a mournful found, My ears at -

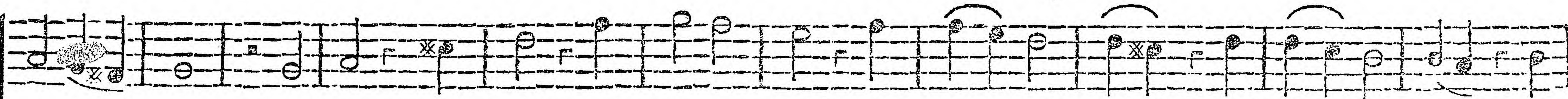
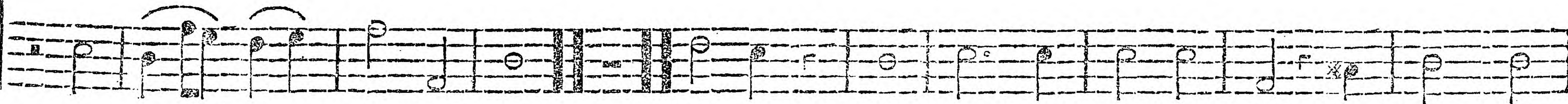
The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a similar melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of half and quarter notes. The lyrics 'tend, at - tend, the cry. Ye living men, come, view the ground, come, view the ground,' are written below the staves.

tend, at - tend, the cry. Ye living men, come, view the ground, come, view the ground,

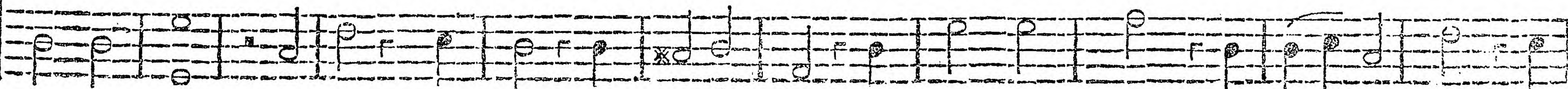
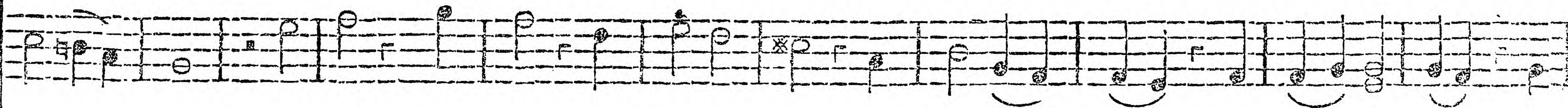




Where you must shortly lie. Princes This clay must be your bed In spite of

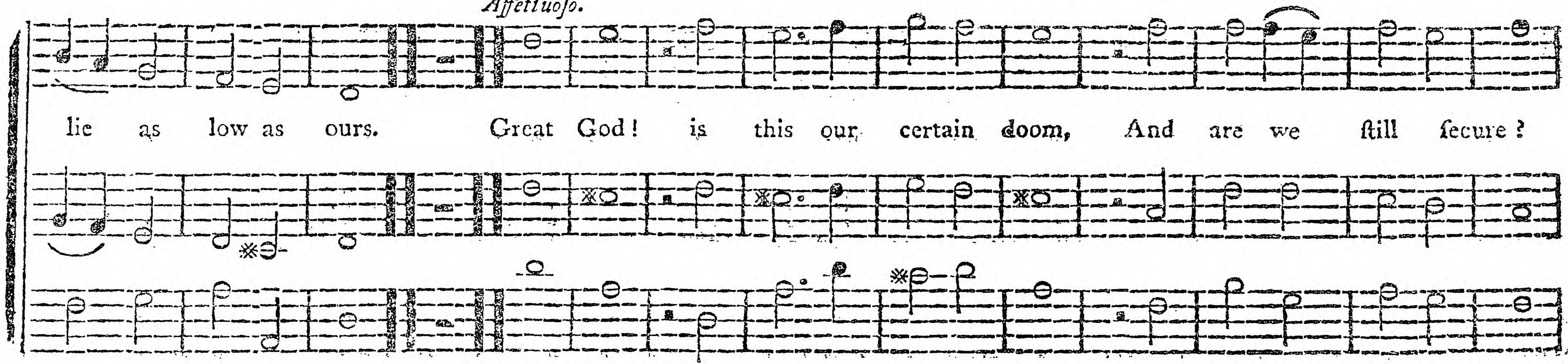


all your tow'rs, The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low, must lie as low, must

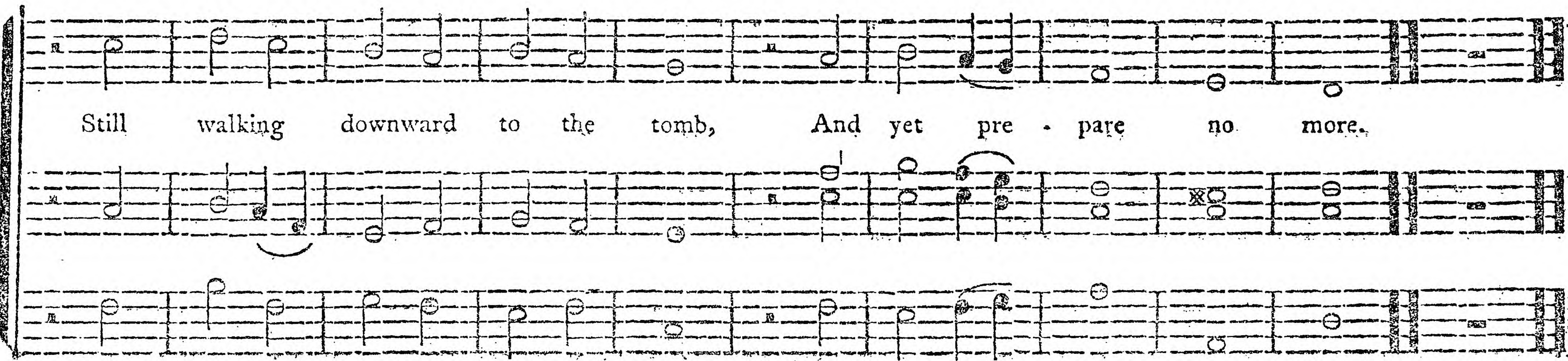




*Affettuoso.*



lie as low as ours. Great God! is this our certain doom, And are we still secure?



Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre - pare no more.



*Andante**Soft.*

Grant us the pow'rs of quickning grace To fit our souls to fly ;

Then when we

*Increase.**Loud.*

We'll rise,

We'll rise, a - bove the sky.

drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise,

We'll rise



## Beneath the Honors, &amp;c.

A I R. *Andante Moderato.*

Beneath the honors of a tomb, Greatness in humble ruin lies! How earth confines in

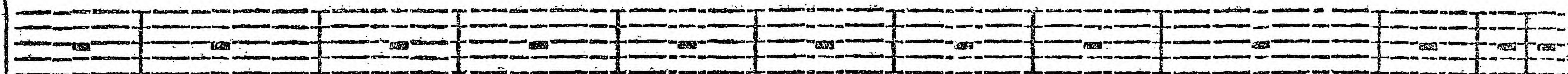
The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the top staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

narrow room What heroes leave behind the skies. *Expressivo.*

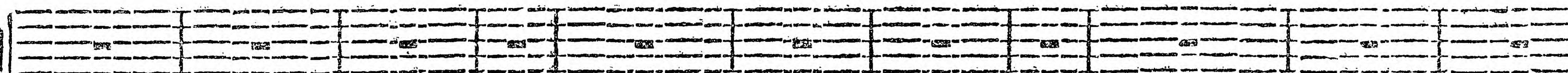
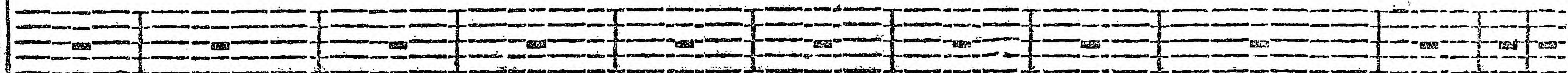
Ye gentlest ministers of Fate, Watch

The second system of musical notation also consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the top staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves. The tempo/mood marking *Expressivo.* is placed above the middle staff.

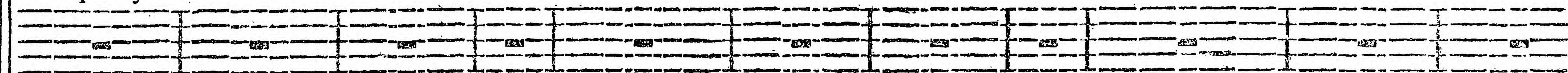




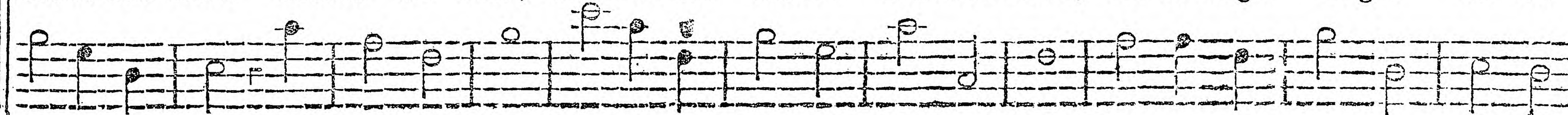
where our Nation's Saviour lies, And bid the softest slumbers wait, With filken cords to bind his eyes,



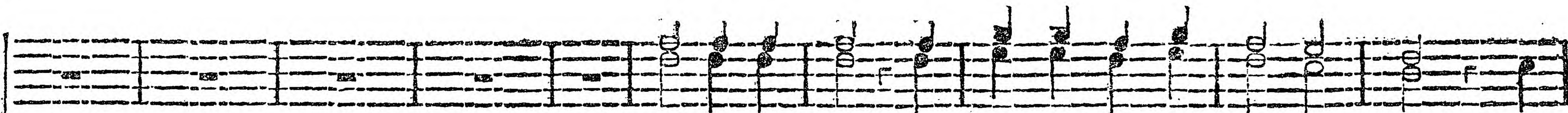
*Spirito.*



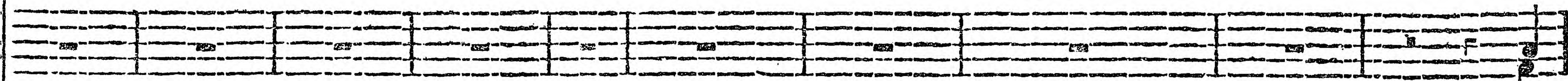
Rest his dear sword beneath his head; Round him his faithful arms shall stand; Fix his bright ensigns on his



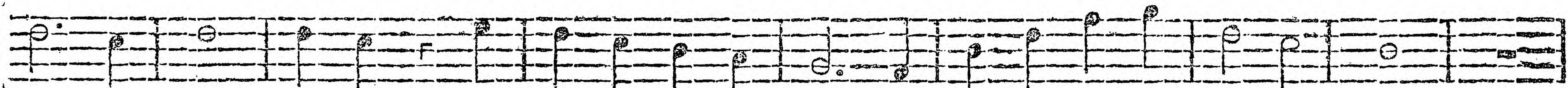




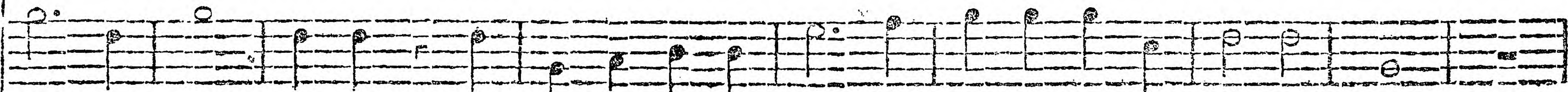
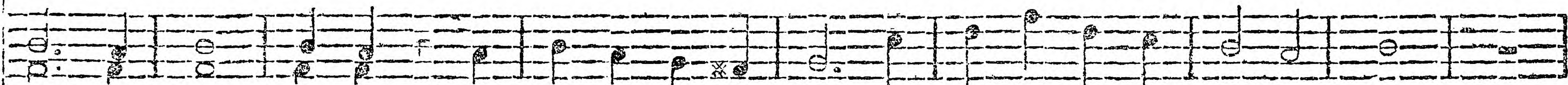
High o'er his grave, re - li - gion set, In solemn gold; pro-



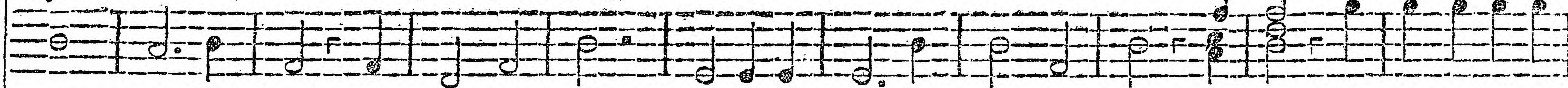
bed, The guards and honors of our land.



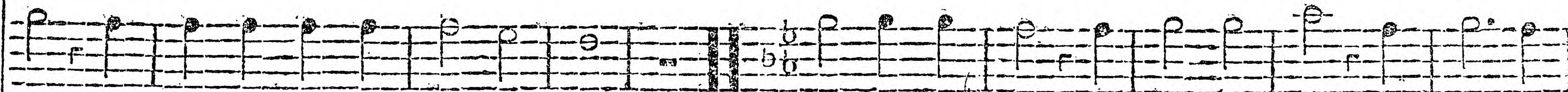
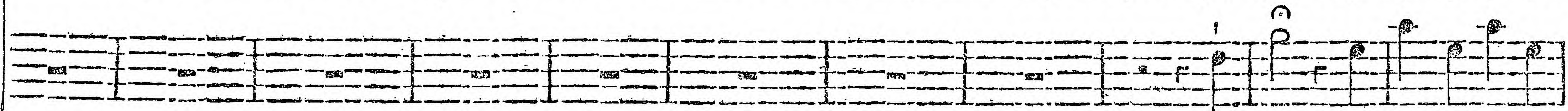
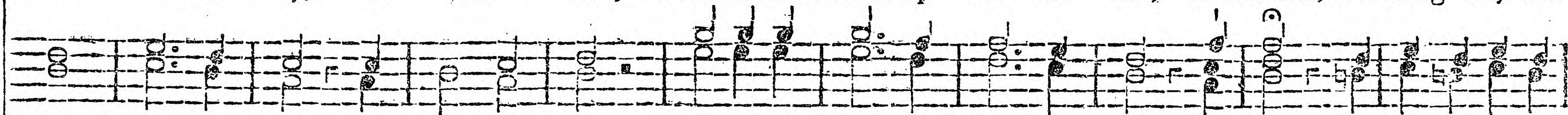
nounce the ground Sacred, to bar unhal - low'd feet, And plant her guardian virtues round.



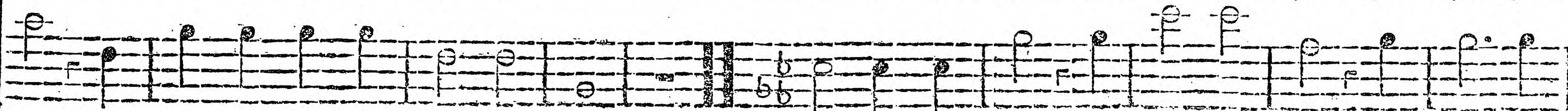
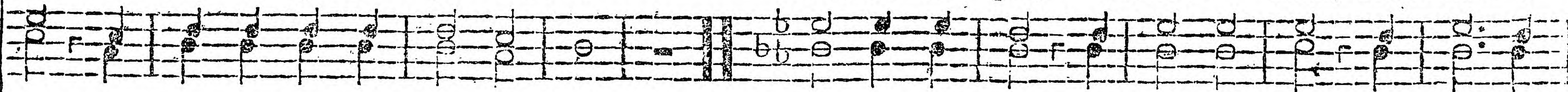


*Softe.*

Fair Liber - ty, in fables dreſt, Write his lov'd name up - on his urn, That Name, the ſcourge of tyrants



paſt, And awe of princes yet unborn. Stand on the pile, immortal Fame, Broad ſtars a-

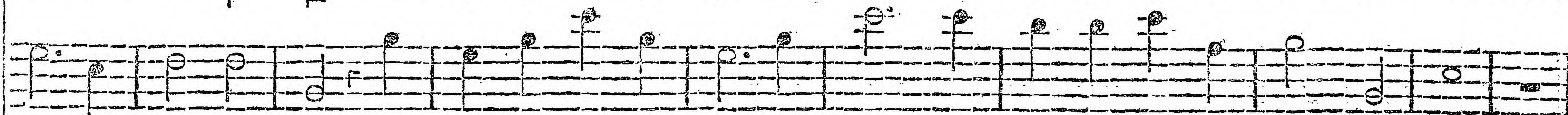


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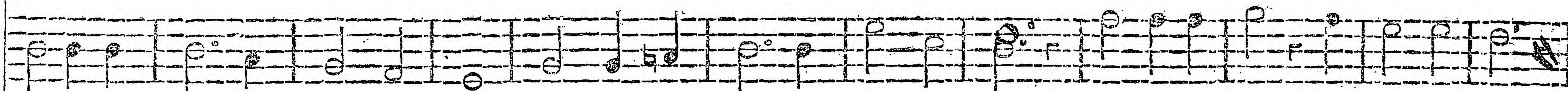




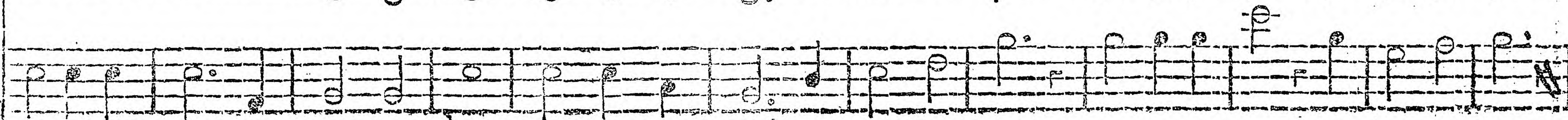
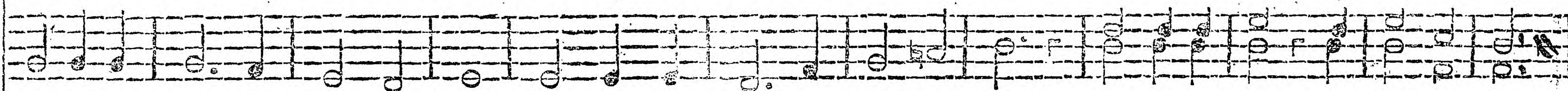
dorn thy brightest robe, Thy thousand voices sound his name, In silver accents round the globe.



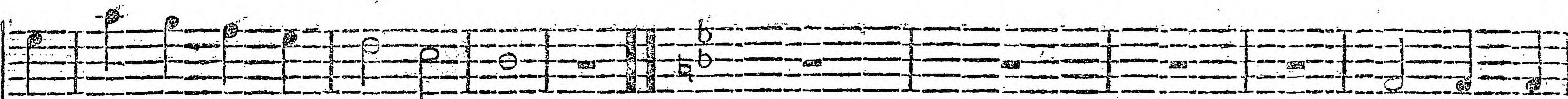
*Octaves.*



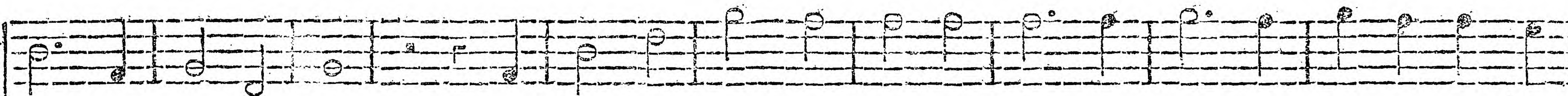
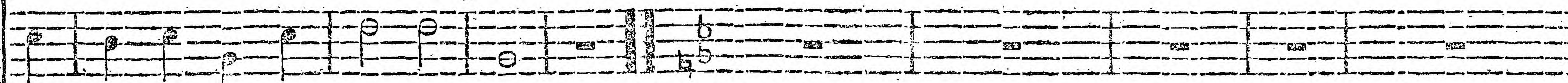
Flatt'ry shall faint beneath the sound, While hoary Truth inspires the song; Envy grow pale and bite the ground,



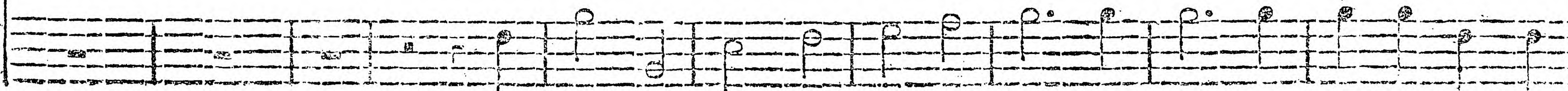
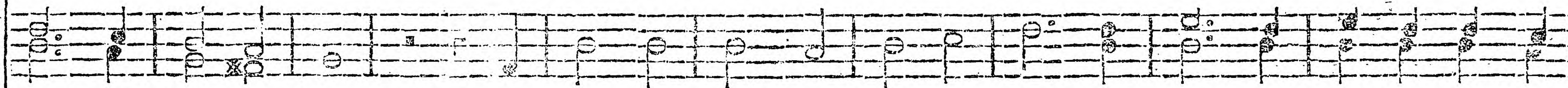




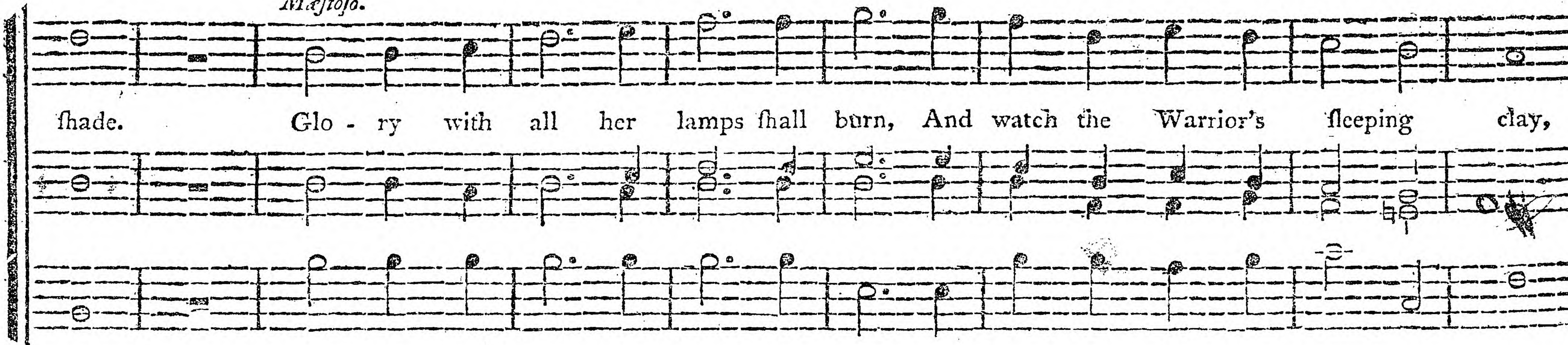
And slander gnaw her forked tongue. Night and the grave, remove your gloom; Darknefs be-



comes the vulgar dead; But Glory bids the Hero's tomb Disdain the horrors of a





*Maslo.*

shade. Glo - ry with all her lamps shall burn, And watch the Warrior's sleeping clay,



Till the last trumpet rouse his urn To aid the triumphs of the day.